THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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Deſcription of the celebrated Column of Pompey, in Egypt.

[From Dr. Henry Hunter's Tranſlation of Sonnini's Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt.]

AS you go out of the enclofure of the Arabs, by the gate of the ſouth, the eye is ſtruck with one of the moſt aſtoniſhing monuments which antiquity has tranſmitted to us. Proud of not having ſunk under the waſtes of time, nor under the more prompt and terrible attacks of ſuperſtitious ignorance, rears its majeſtic head, the grandeſt column that ever exiſted. It is of the moſt beautiful and the hardeſt granite, and is compoſed of three pieces, out of which have been cut the capital, the ſhaft, and the pedeſtal. I had not the means of meaſuring its height, and travellers who have gone before me are not perfectly agreed on this point. Savary aſſigns to it a height of a hundred and fourteen feet, whereas Paul Lucas, who declares he had taken an accurate meaſurement of it, makes its height no more than ninety-four feet. This laſt opinion was generally adopted by the Europeans of Alexandria. The height of the column was admitted there to be from ninety-four to ninety-five feet of France. The pedeſtal is fifteen feet high; the ſhaft with the ſocle, ſeventy feet; finally, the capital, ten feet; in all, ninety-five feet. The mean diameter is ſeven feet nine inches. Admitting theſe proportions, the entire maſs of the column may be eſtimated at ſix thouſand cubic feet. It is well known that the cubic foot of red Egyptian granite, weighs a hundred and eighty-five pounds. The weight of the whole column, therefore, is one million one hundred and ten thouſand pounds, eight ounces to the pound.

However hard the ſubſtance of the column may be, it has not eſcaped the corroding tooth of time. The bottom of the

ſhaft is very much damaged on the eaſt ſide, and it is very eaſy to ſeparate, on the ſame ſide, thin lamina from the pedeſtal. It has been already remarked, that the hieroglyphics of Cleopatra's needle were corroded on the face expoſed to that point of the compaſs. It is moſt probably the effect of the wind blowing from the ſea. Some have pretended, that on the oppoſite face, that to the weſt, a Greek inſcription was diſcernible, when the ſun bore upon it; but with all the attention I could employ, it was not in my power to perceive any thing of it.

The ground on which the pillar is raiſed having given way, part of the pivot which ſupports it has been laid open. It is a block of ſix feet only in the ſquare: it bears the weight, as the centre, of a pedeſtal much larger than itſelf; which proves the exact perpendicularity of the whole. It too is granite, but of a ſpecies different from that of the column. The people of the country had built round the pivot, in the view of ſtrengthening the pedeſtal. This piece of maſonry, totally uſeleſs, was formed of ſtones of various qualities, among which fragments of marble, detached from the ruins of ſome antique edifice, and ſculptured with beautiful hieroglyphics, attracted notice. While ſome were exerting themſelves to prevent the falling of the monument, others, the Bedouins, as I was told, endeavoured to bring it down, in the hope of finding treaſure under its baſe when burſt to pieces. For this purpoſe they had employed the action of gunpowder; but very fortunately they had no great ſkill in the art of mining. The exploſion only carried away a portion of the maſon-work, ſo idly intended to be a prop to the pedeſtal.

Paul Lucas relates, that in 1714, a mountebank having got upon the capital with a facility which aſtoniſhed every body, declared it was hollow a-top. We have ſome years ago indications more poſitive on the ſubject. Some Engliſh ſailors contrived to get upon the ſummit of the column, by means of a paper-kite, which aſſiſted them in fixing a ladder of ropes: they found, as well as the man mentioned by Paul Lucas, a great round hollow in the middle of the capital, and, moreover, a hole in each of the corners. It is therefore certain, this chapiter ſerved as a baſe to ſome ſtatue, the fragments of which ſeem to be irrecoverably loſt. Some friends of M. Roboli, who had been French interpreter at Alexandria, have aſſured me that he had diſcovered near the column, pieces of a ſtatue which, to judge from the fragments, muſt have been of a prodigious magnitude; that he had them conveyed to the houſe occupied by the French, but that, notwithſtanding the moſt diligent reſearches, not being able to procure the other pieces of it, he had ordered the firſt to be thrown into the ſea, cloſe by that ſame houſe. They were ſhewn to me, but it was impoſſible for me to diſtinguiſh

guiſh any thing, for they are almoſt entirely buried under the ſand of the ſea. I was farther informed, that thoſe fragments of a ſtatue, were of the moſt beautiful porphyry.

We have nothing beyond conjecture, more or leſs ſupported by evidence, reſpecting the æra, and the motives which dictated the conſtruction of the column of Alexandria. The name of Pompey's Column, by which it is generally deſigned, indicates the origin commonly aſcribed to it. Cæſar, we are told, ordered it to be erected, to perpetuate the memory of the victory which he had gained over Pompey, in the celebrated battle of Pharſalia. Relying on the teſtimony of an Arabian author, Savary pretends that it was a monument of the gratitude of the inhabitants of Alexandria to the Roman emperor, Alexander Severus. Finally, others aſcribe the elevation of the pillar to a king of Egypt, Ptolemeus Euergetes.

Mr. W. Montague, whom his extenſive erudition and ſingular adventures have raiſed to celebrity, had formed, during his long reſidence in the eaſt, a new opinion on the ſame ſubject. He maintained that the column was the work of Adrian, another Roman emperor, who had travelled in Egypt. But he could adduce no proof in ſupport of this aſſertion: wiſhing, nevertheleſs, to give currency to his idea, he was under the neceſſity, in the view of perſuading others of the truth of what he had perſuaded himſelf, to employ a little ingenious fraud. I have the fact from a witneſs of undoubted veracity. The ſly Engliſhman had got one of his people to introduce a ſmall coin of the Emperor Adrian, in a ſpot agreed on, between the ground on which this pillar reſts, and its *ſous-baſe*. He afterwards repaired to the place, attended by a numerous company, and, after affected reſearches, he dexterouſly unearthed the coin with the blade of a knife, and oſtentatiouſly diſplayed it as an inconteſtable proof of the truth of his poſition. He ſent an account of the diſcovery to his own country, where it did not meet with much credit, and indeed hardly could, with perſons who knew the column. The Greeks, it is true, from the time of Adrian, had diffuſed over Egypt the principles of a beautiful architecture, and of elegance in all the arts. A judgment may be formed of this from the remains of the city which that very emperor had cauſed to be built in the upper part of that country, in honour of Antinous, a young man celebrated in ancient hiſtory for his extraordinary beauty of perſon, and his generous devotedneſs to a Roman who has been cried up more than he deſerves. The columns which ſtill ſubſiſt at Antinöe are cut with greater delicacy, and have forms more elegant than that of Alexandria. Not that this laſt wants beauty; but its principal merit conſiſts in the prodigious magnitude of its dimenſions, and the truly aſtoniſhing enormity of its maſs.

The ſame conſiderations which ſuggeſt a doubt reſpecting the aſcription of this pillar to the time of Adrian, apply ſtill

more forcibly to that of the Emperor Severus. Abulfeda, quoted by Savary, only ſays, "Alexandria poſſeſſes a renowned pharos, and the column of Severus." He adds not a word more, and does not ſo much as point out the ſpot where the column of Severus was reared. The city of Alexandria contained ſuch a number of columns, that it is impoſſible to aſcertain to which of them the paſſage of the Arabic hiſtorian is applicable. Alexander Severus traced his pedigree up to Alexander the Great: it was natural for him to prize a city founded by the conqueror his anceſtor, and it is by no means wonderful, that he ſhould endeavour farther to embelliſh it by works of various deſcription, to ſupply the place of ſuch as had been thrown down or deſtroyed, with thoſe which had already rendered it ſo magnificent. On the other hand, on comparing the column dedicated to Severus, and ſtill exiſting in the ancient city of Antinöe, with that of Alexandria, we ſhall find it impoſſible to conclude that they are both of one and the ſame period. The hieroglyphics with which the granite-pivot, the immoveable ſupport of the column, is ſculptured, farther appear a new proof of the period of its elevation, much more ancient than the reigns of Adrian and Severus, and they indicate a production of the moſt remote antiquity. This conſideration, united with the ſilence of hiſtorians on the ſubject, ſeem to throw back to an æra more diſtant than that of the defeat of Pompey, the conſtruction of the column which bears his name. If amidſt theſe uncertainties, which, in defiance of the reſearches of the learned, frequently involve the paſt and the future in the ſame obſcurity, I durſt venture to hazard an opinion of my own, I ſhould be tempted to aſcribe the honour of the erection of the column of Alexandria to the ancient times which produced ſo many prodigies in Egypt, to thoſe æras when myriads of men were employed, for years together, in tranſporting maſſes of ſtone, the movement of which ſeemed to exceed human ſtrength, and to demand the exertions of beings more than mortal.

Whatever be in this ſentiment, it would be difficult now to change the appellation ſo long affixed to the column of Alexandria, and, whatever good reaſons may be alleged to the contrary, it is very probable it will ſtill retain the name of Pompey's Column. Nevertheleſs it is likewiſe probable, that poſterity will recollect that this column was the head-quarters, from whence Bonaparte iſſued orders for the eſcalade and capture of Alexandria; that the bodies of the heroes who periſhed as the victims of their own bravery, are depoſited round the pedeſtal, and that their names are engraven upon it; it is likewiſe probable that, more ſtruck with the genius of the victory, and of the ſublime combinations connected with it, than with that which has conferred celebrity on ancient Egypt, by her works of ſtupendous magnificence,

magnificence, abſorbed in the immortality of the French nation, ſhall be diſpoſed to fix the æra of this dawning glory, and that to future ages the *column of Pompey* ſhall be the *column of the French republic!!*

Pleaſing Inſtance of maternal Exertion, and youthful Vigour.

[From Mrs. Hamilton's Letters on Education.]

ON a woody and ſteep declivity of the Cotteſwold hills, where they project into the vale of Glouceſter, ſtands a ſmall cot inhabited by a poor widow, or rather a deſerted wife, who was left with two infants, for whoſe proviſion ſhe exerted herſelf in the labours of the field, and being a woman of remarkable ſtrength and dexterity, ſhe found conſtant employment with the neighbouring farmers. Soon as her youngeſt was weaned, ſhe conſigned him to the care of his brother, not yet three years of age. After having cut the brown bread which was to ſupply them with food for the day, and given neceſſary inſtructions to the elder boy, who was to act as cook, houſekeeper, and nurſe, ſhe left them generally about five in the morning, and ſeldom returned till night.

At the time I firſt ſaw this little pair (which I frequently did every day for weeks together, when on a viſit to a family in the neighbourhood) the eldeſt was near five, and the youngeſt about two years of age. Each might have ſat for the picture of an infant Hercules. By living almoſt conſtantly in the open air, they had acquired a degree of hardineſs and vigour, ſeldom to be met with at that early age; and by experience had become ſo well acquainted with the objects around them, and with the nature of every danger to which they were expoſed, that though often on the edge of precipices that would make a fine lady ſhudder with horror, and where a fine little maſter would moſt probably have broken his neck, I never heard of their meeting with the ſmalleſt accident or diſaſter.

When the hours of meal arrived, the elder, who never for a moment forſook his little charge, took him into the cot, and ſeating him in a corner, proceeded to make a fire of ſticks, which he managed with great dexterity. The brown bread was then crumbled down, boiled with water, and ſweetened with a very little very coarſe ſugar. This plain, but from its effects evidently wholeſome viand, he then placed on the floor, and ſitting down between it and his brother, gave him alternate ſpoonful with himſelf till all was finiſhed.

"Take care, Dan," ſaid a lady who once happened to ſtep into the cottage at the beginning of this operation, "Take care that you don't ſcald your brother's mouth."

"No

" No fear o that." returned the boy, " for Ife always takes un firſt to ſelf."

Account of Saltram near Plymouth, the Seat of the Right Hon. Lord Boringdon.

[From Lipſcomb's Journey into Cornwall.]

AT Saltram there is a very agreeable variety of hill and valley, every where adorned with noble plantations. The houſe is a modern edifice of conſiderable ſize, built on an eminence which commands a view of ſeveral pleaſing and picturesque objects towards the weſt, particularly Mount Edgcumbe Houſe, embоſomed among the moſt beautiful trees with which taſte and time have enriched that charming ſpot.

Saltram was fitted up by John Parker, the firſt Lord Boringdon, with infinite ſplendour, at an immenſe expence:—the furniture is ſcarcely equalled in the moſt magnificent palaces.

The principal ſuit of rooms conſiſt of a drawing room, dining room, and card room, opening into one another, and the greateſt taſte has been exerted to adorn them with the coſtlieſt productions of art.

The looking-glaſſes are the largeſt in England,—the luſtres ſuperb beyond compariſon—the ceilings are finiſhed in the moſt beautiful manner, and the floors adorned with the richeſt carpets.

Among a great variety of valuable paintings, too numerous to be deſcribed in detail,—one—of the meeting of Edgar and Elfrida, ſurpaſſes commendation; and I am tempted to think it one of the firſt productions of the pencil.

There is a magnificent ſtair caſe, ornamented with ſeveral capital pictures; and a very ſuperb ſuit of rooms in the firſt ſtory.

The library contains an intereſting collection of books, and by favour of the preſent noble poſſeſſor I was indulged with the ſight of an admirable collection of drawings and ſketches, by ſome of the firſt maſters, which his Lordſhip has collected in his travels, with equal induſtry and judgment.

The eaſy deportment of this young nobleman, whoſe ſuavity of manners and unaffected generoſity add luſtre to his exalted ſtation, cannot be forgotten by one who profeſſes to include in this account of his tour, not merely a dry catalogue of names and places, but a true and faithful hiſtory of the ideas preſented to his mind during an excurſion which afforded him ſo many opportunities of obſerving the varieties of temper, conduct, and diſpoſition; as well as the appearances of nature and of art.

The gardens at Saltram preſent a variety of ſcenery which ſurpriſes at the ſame time that it delights the eye.—The trees covered with foliage, exuberant as that which characteriſes the primeval occupiers of the foreſt, here wave their luxuriant branches on the verge of the ſea ſhore; and form a beautiful contraſt to the arid unprolific ſoil of the Corniſh coaſt, where nothing but the diminutive ſamphire is found, to vary the ſurfaces of craggy, diſmal-coloured rocks.

" Here ev'ry tree with nature's muſic rings,
" Here ev'ry breeze bears health upon it's wings."

The kitchen-gardens are of very great extent, and furniſhed with hot-houſes, remarkably well diſpoſed and regulated.

The creeping cereus *(cactus flagelliformis)* grows here to a gigantic ſize, trailing its monſtrous branches many yards in length. This curious and beautiful plant, which is a native of the weſtern continent of America, is ſaid, firſt to have attained its perfection in this country, in the botanical garden at Kew. The plants, however, at Saltram may vie in elegance and ſize with any which the Engliſh climate has produced.

Contiguous to the grounds is a neat dairy-houſe, and place of entertainment for thoſe who are induced by buſineſs or curioſity to viſit theſe parts. It is ſheltered by luxuriant elms, and poſſeſſes ſuch comfortable accommodations that it is become a place of great reſort on holidays, for the inhabitants of Plymouth, and the neighbouring towns, who frequently ſpend their evenings here, in parties of pleaſure.

ANECDOTES *of* BATTISHILL, *the Muſician.*

BATTISHILL, the compoſer, who was lately buried in St. Paul's cathedral, was one of the laſt profeſſors of the Engliſh ſchool of muſic. He was not only what is called a *good grammarian* in his art, but he added to profound knowledge, great taſte, and a fine imagination.

His convivial diſpoſition rendered him reluctant to perform even what was neceſſary to enable him to acquire the means of gratifying that diſpoſition; ſo that all the time he could devote to his profeſſion, inſtead of following the impulſe of his genius, he employed in teaching, and in his duties of parochial organiſt.

In the earlier part of his life, however, he diſtinguiſhed his talents, chiefly in lyric compoſitions for Vauxhall, and other public places. Of this kind his " Kate of Aberdeen," obtained great fame, and will be celebrated as long as pure melody is admired in this country.

He

He was a very intelligent man, and poſſeſſed a ſtrong ſenſe of humour. Being courted, as well for his ſocial qualities, as for his muſical talents, he was generally in a ſtate of embarraſſment.

A domeſtic misfortune, it is ſaid, chiefly diſpoſed him to look on the world with careleſs eyes, and to be content if he could provide for the day which was paſſing over his head.

Webſter, the celebrated ſinger, took away the firſt wife of Battiſhill. The loſs of a beloved wife by the treachery of a friend, was a blow that he could not reſiſt. From that time he became negligent of the graver concerns of life, reſigned himſelf wholly to ſocial enjoyments, and buried a genius that might have ſecured him fame and fortune, in conviviality, if not diſſipation.

Obſervations on Andrea Sacchi's two Pictures of Monks.

By NOEL DESENFANS *Eſq.*

WHATEVER may be the branch of painting an artiſt adopts, there are always in that very branch ſome particular parts in which he excels, and by which therefore he obtains an acknowledged ſuperiority over his cotemporaries. Raphael and Guido excelled in their Madonas, Salvator Roſa in witches and fabulous monſters, Bourguignione and Wouvermans in houſes, and Andrea Sacchi eminently ſo in painting friars—not thoſe fat and opulent monks whom we ſee wallowing in unreſtrained luxury, but thoſe primitive monks who through inclination devoted themſelves to God, and paſſed their lives in mortification and penance.

So high was the reputation of Andrea for thoſe ſubjects, that the Benedictines of a rich friary applied to him to paint the life of their founder, St. Benedict, in 12 pictures, for their church, requiring their own portraits to be painted in thoſe figures which would neceſſarily be introduced into the work.

Sacchi compoſed the pictures, and when they were far advanced, the monks began to ſit for their portraits, and it was then, that after having beſtowed much time and labour on ſo great a work, the artiſt was almoſt driven to deſpair, when he ſaw that moſt of their figures, being deſtitute of character and dignity, would be the ruin of the whole.

The monks were as little ſatisfied with the painter as he was with them, for they had all pretended to the honour of repreſenting St. Benedict. One found himſelf too corpulent, another too old, none liked the place aſſigned to him in the pictures, and neither of them thought his likeneſs true.

At length, harraſſed and fatigued, Andrea deſired them to withdraw, effaced their portraits, ſubſtituted hiſtorical heads, and finiſhed the work to his own ſatisfaction; but the Benedictines declined having it; ſo that Andrea was obliged to adopt legal meaſures to compel them to fulfil their contract, and as his pictures were proved to be the better and highly more valuable without the portraits, he was fortunate, or rather unfortunate, enough to gain his cauſe, for immediately after paying for the pictures, the monks tore them into pieces; the ſketches, however, have remained, and are diſperſed in different cabinets.

The two which are in this collection, repreſent friars of the Bernardine and Benedictine orders, praying and meditating in a rugged retreat, among the rocks.

The Bernardines are dreſſed in white, their heads and feet bare; a crucifix is erected on a rock which ſerves as an altar in the ſolitude; and a monk is kneeling before it, one of his hands ſtretched over the altar, and the other on his breaſt; behind him, to the right of the picture, another monk, kneeling with his arms extended, and his eyes fixed with fervent devotion on the crucifix; a third is on the left of the picture, half reclining over a ſtone, his arms croſſed, his cowl thrown over his head, and praying at a corner of the altar.

A group of Benedictines are in the centre of the other picture, one of whom, ſeated on the fragment of a rock, is reading a book to thoſe who ſurround him; an old friar, with a croſs in his arms, is leaning on the ſame ſtone; whilſt towards the left of the picture, a young monk is ſitting on the ground, his hands joined, his ſcourge tied round his body, and, while his whole attention is taken up with the reading, his eyes are rivetted on a crucifix which is fixed to the trunk of a tree, on the oppoſite ſide.

A DESERTED MANSION.

MR. ARCHER, a gentleman of about ten thouſand pounds per annum, chiefly landed property, in Berkſhire, and partly in Eſſex, died ſome time ago, and left a very large fortune, great part of which he gave to his wife, but the bulk went to his daughters by a former marriage. Mr. Archer was a ſingular character—poſſeſſed of a princely fortune, with the controuling influence in Berkſhire, for which he might at any time have been returned to Parliament if he choſe; he lived in great retirement with his wife.

Mr. Archer had a noble manſion in Berkſhire, where he kept up a ſuitable eſtabliſhment, and his daughters lived; but he never reſided there himſelf. He lived at a leſs oſtentatious houſe in the neighbourhood, almoſt wholly confining himſelf to the ſo-

ciety of his wife. And yet he was a ſocial, pleaſant companion over the bottle, and uſually drove out in a coach and ſix, with outriders. He frequently viſited Briſtol Hotwells, but never mixed in company. Beſides his houſe in Berkſhire, he had a fine manſion on his beautiful eſtate of Cooperſale, near Epping, in Eſſex. But this houſe had been deſerted for twenty years or more, no one being allowed to reſide in it.

On the death of Mr. Archer, it fell to the lot of his daughter, the elegant Mrs. Houblon, who, a few weeks ago, ſent a ſurveyor to examine the houſe. His report is curious: Neither the gates of the court-yard, or the doors of the manſion-houſe, had been opened for the period of eighteen years. The latter, by order, were covered with plates of iron. The court-yard was crowded with thiſtles, docks, and weeds; and the inner hall with cobwebs. The rooks and jackdaws had built their neſts in the chimnies, and the ſolemn bird of night had taken poſſeſſion of the principal drawing-room. Several of the rooms had not been opened for thirty years. The pigeons had, for the ſpace of twenty-five years, built their neſts in the library (which contained ſome thouſand books,) having made a lodgment, through the means of an aperture in one of the caſements. Here they had, it is ſuppoſed, remained undiſturbed, for the ſpace above-mentioned, as ſeveral loads of dung were found in the apartment.

A celebrated naturaliſt, who was preſent at the opening of the houſe, declared, he never ſaw cobwebs ſo beautiful before, or of ſuch an amazing ſize, they extending the whole length of one room, from the ceiling to the ground. The wines, ales, and rum, of each of which there were large quantities, had not been touched for twenty years; they were found in fine order, particularly the port wine. The bailiff, the gardener, and his men, were expreſsly ordered, by their late maſter, not to remove even a weed from the gardens or grounds.

The fiſh-ponds were untouched many years. About a fortnight ſince, a gentleman having had permiſſion to fiſh, caught ſeveral jacks, weighing fourteen and fifteen pounds each. All the neighbouring gentry have been to view the houſe and grounds, the ruinous condition of which forms a topic of general converſation.

Deciſive Proof of Britiſh Humanity in the Treatment of French Priſoners.

GROUNDLESS aſſertions having been made that Engliſhmen have departed from their accuſtomed humanity in their treatment of priſoners of war, it is with pleaſure we inſert the following

following irrefragable proof that their character is as high for that diſtinguiſhed virtue as ever.

Tranſlation of Letters written to Mr. Thomas Hutchiſon, by French Officers of ſeveral Regiments, Priſoners on board his Majeſty's Ship Briſtol, commanded by him.

" SIR,

" The inexpreſſible joy we feel in the inſtant our chains are looſed, does not take up our minds ſo as to make us neglect a ſacred duty towards you.

" Before we leave your ſhores, we beg you to be perſuaded of our eternal gratitude for your humane behaviour towards us, and the ſympathy you have ſhewn to our misfortunes. You both fulfilled the duties of your ſtation, and alleviated the weight of chains which otherwiſe would have been extremely heavy upon officers unaccuſtomed to them. France will hear, that among a nation of rivals and enemies, we were ſo happy as to meet with a man of feeling and generoſity, who ſoftened the diſtreſs of our captivity.

" If war, ever inconſtant, happens to bring you to our native land, remember then thoſe whom you were ſo kind to, and be convinced we will do our utmoſt to give you proofs of the eſteem and reſpect we will entertain for you as long as we live.

" We have the honour to be, Sir,

" Your moſt humble Servants."

" SIR, *On board the Briſtol.*

" In the moment I am re-entering my country, the generous care which you have taken in leſſening, by every kind of goodneſs, the rigour of my captivity, awakes in me the livelieſt acknowledgement, and gives me to regret, that it is not enough to have ſanctioned the expreſſion of that ſentiment contained in the letter which the officers have had the honour to direct to you—I muſt, to the diſcharge of my duty, and for my own ſatisfaction, teſtify it to you myſelf.

" Senſible, Sir, in every reſpect, of your honeſt proceedings, an admirer of your good conduct towards the priſoners confined on board the ſhip which you have the honour to command, I wiſh from the bottom of my heart, that ſome favourable circumſtances would permit me to add to the ſincere thanks which I am now offering to you. If you ſhould find any inclination to travel, or if the chance of war ſhould prove unfavourable to you, nothing will equal the eagerneſs with which I ſhall take that advantage, happy if I can convince you of the gratefulneſs, eſteem, and conſideration with which I have the honour to be,

" Sir, your very obliged and moſt obedient Servant,

" TARBOURIECH, Lieut. Col."

INTERESTING ACCOUNT *of the* DOG.

From Mr. Daniel's Rural Sports, juſt publiſhed.

SO much has been ſaid of the ſervices of this animal in all ages, and of the predominancy of its friendſhip towards man, that to compile its hiſtory would be to mark the progreſs of civilization, and to follow the gradual advancement of that order, which placed man at the head of the brute creation. Man, deprived of this faithful ally, would unſucceſsfully reſiſt the foes that on all ſides ſurround him, ſeeking every opportunity to deſtroy his labour, attack his perſon, and encroach upon his property. His own vigilance cannot ſecure him againſt the rapacity of the one, nor his utmoſt exertions overcome the ſpeed of the other. Some animal was eſſential to inſure his ſafety; and where, amidſt the various claſſes of them, could one be ſelected ſo well adapted for this purpoſe? Where have zeal, fidelity, boldneſs, and obedience, been ſo happily united as in the dog? More tractable than man, and more pliant than any other animal, the dog is not only ſpeedily inſtructed, but even conforms himſelf to the movements and habits of thoſe who govern him. Savage muſt that nature be, which can ill treat a creature who has renounced his liberty to aſſociate with man, to whoſe ſervice his whole life is devoted; who, ſenſible of every kindneſs, is grateful for the ſmalleſt favour, while the harſheſt uſage cannot make him unfaithful: he licks the hand that has juſt been lifted to ſtrike him, and at laſt diſarms reſentment by ſubmiſſive perſeverance. The dog guards by night, and by day amuſes his maſter, who, from his deſire of pleaſing, runs with chearfulneſs and alacrity to his maſter's foot, where he lays down his courage, his ſtrength, and his talents; and who, from pure ſentiments of affection, is the only companion that will not forſake him in adverſity.

To conceive the importance of his ſpecies in the order of nature, let us ſuppoſe that it never exiſted. Without the aid of the dog, how could man have conquered, tamed, and reduced the other animals into ſlavery? For his own ſecurity, it was neceſſary to form a party among the animals themſelves, to conciliate by care and careſſes, thoſe which were capable of fidelity and obedience, that he might oppoſe them to noxious and ſavage beaſts; hence the training of the dog ſeems to have engaged the early attention of man, and the reſult of this act was, the conqueſt, and peaceable poſſeſſion of the earth.

To moſt animals, nature has been more liberal than to man, in agility, ſwiftneſs, and ſtrength, and has armed and fortified them better. Their ſenſes (and particularly that of ſmelling) are more perfect; to have brought over to our intereſt, therefore, a bold and tractable race, whoſe acuteneſs of ſcent is one

of

of their peculiar properties, was to acquire a new faculty, and this living improvement, preſented by the hand of nature, to our defective ſenſe of ſmelling, furniſhes us with permanent reſources for ſupreme dominion. The dog, ever faithful to man, will maintain a portion of his empire, will always preſerve a degree of ſuperiority above the other animals. He reigns at the head of a flock, and is better heard than the voice of the ſhepherd; ſafety and diſcipline are the fruits of his vigilance and activity.

In large tracts, that are ſolely appropriated to the feeding of ſheep and other cattle, immenſe flocks may be ſeen ranging over thoſe extenſive wilds, ſeemingly without controul; but their watchful guardian, the dog, under the direction of the ſhepherd, prevents them from ſtraggling, leads them from one part of their paſture to another, ſuffering no ſtranger to intrude. If the herdſman be at any time abſent from the flock, he depends upon the dog to keep them together; and ſo ſoon as the ſhepherd gives the well known ſignal, this faithful creature conducts them to his maſter, though at a conſiderable diſtance. Sheep and cattle are a people ſubmitted to his management, whom he prudently accompanies and protects, never employing force againſt them, except for the preſervation of peace and good order; but in war againſt his enemies, or wild animals, the dog makes a full diſplay of his courage and intelligence. As ſoon as the horn, or the voice of the hunter, gives the alarm, he announces by his emotions, and cries, his impatience: and when the natural and acquired talents of the dog are united, when he has learned to repreſs his ardour, and regulate his movements, he then hunts artificially, and is always certain of ſucceſs.

The dog may be affirmed to be the only animal whoſe fidelity is unſhaken; who always knowing his maſter, and the family in which he reſides, diſtinguiſhes a ſtranger as ſoon as he arrives; who underſtands his own name, and calls on his maſter, if loſt, by cries and lamentations; who in long journies, which he has travelled but once remembers and traces out the roads: in fine, it is the dog alone, of all other animals, whoſe natural talents are conſpicuous, and whoſe education is ever ſucceſsful.

In wild animals, which know no reſtraint in food, freedom, or climate, the ſtamp of nature is preſerved in its original purity. Not ſo thoſe creatures which have long been under the management of man, which he has tranſported from clime to clime, and altered their manner of living: they muſt neceſſarily have ſuffered in their form and habits. The dog is moſt ſubject to alterations occaſioned by phyſical influence; his temperament, faculties, and habits, vary prodigiouſly; no leſs ſo than the figure of his body. In the ſame country, dogs greatly differ, and in different climates the very ſpecies ſeem to be changed. From theſe cauſes the varieties are ſo numerous, it is almoſt impoſſible

poſſible to recogniſe them. Their ſize, figure, form of the head, length, and direction of the ears and tail, colour, quantity of hair, &c. muſt be attributed to the ſame cauſes, namely, from his docility and obedience, being ſuſceptible of every impreſſion, and ſubmiſſive to every reſtriction. To an attentive obſerver of the canine race, it is wonderful to ſee the rapid changes, and ſingular combinations of forms, ariſing from the promiſcuous intercourſe. They appear in endleſs ſucceſſion, and appear more like the effect of whimſical caprice than the regular production of nature.

ANECDOTES *of the* EMPEROR *of* RUSSIA.

THE following anecdotes are extracted from Kotzebue's account of his adventures in Ruſſia:—

"On the 11th of March, a few hours only before the death of the emperor, I ſaw him, and ſpoke to him for the laſt time; he returned from riding with Count —— His temper appeared very calm. I met him upon the parade, near the ſtatue of Cleopatra. He ſtopped and began to converſe with me on the ſubject of the ſtatue. He boaſted of it, and examined the different ſpecies of marble that compoſe the pedeſtal, and inquired their names. From thence we paſſed to the hiſtory of that celebrated queen of Egypt; he admired her heroic death; but he ſmiled when I obſerved that ſhe would not ſo eaſily have made up her mind to kill herſelf, if Auguſtus had not deſpiſed her charms. He aſked me if my deſcription of the palace of St. Michael was finiſhed; I replied in the affirmative, and he then left me, ſaying, in a friendly manner, "I am very glad of it."

The other anecdote is as follows:—A young Ruſſian, called Kraſnopolſki, tranſlated Kotzebue's Play called "The Coachman of Peter the Third," into the Ruſſian language. He was adviſed to conceal the name of the author, as being a ſuſpicious perſon. The young man, however, let the name remain, and not having an opportunity of preſenting the book to the emperor, he ſent it by the poſt. On the firſt reading of the piece, the emperor was conſiderably affected, and ordered a ring of conſiderable value to be given to the tranſlator, but he would not allow it to be printed.—Some time after, however, he demanded the manuſcript, and ordered it to be printed; he however effaced ſome paſſages, particularly one in which the old coachman is made to ſay, "My emperor ſaluted me—he ſalutes every man." We do not know why this paſſage offended Paul. At laſt, however, he permitted it to be printed without any alteration. He then ſaid, that he had injured the author, and that he ought to make him a preſent as conſiderable as that which was given to the old coachman, which was 100,000 roubles.

A ſhort time afterwards, Kotzebue ſent a memorial from Tobolſki, the place of his exile.—The emperor read the memorial from one end to the other, and ordered an inquiry to be made, whether there was not ſome crown lands in Eſthonia, for the purpoſe of making him a preſent of them.

A CHARACTER.

MARCELLUS is a young nobleman of high rank and ample fortune. He has had a virtuous and claſſical education in one of our Engliſh univerſities, where he was diſtinguiſhed by a regular application to the ſciences and to polite literature. He is by no means deficient in political knowledge. But as he has nothing to aſk of adminiſtration, he keeps himſelf independent, and engages in no party. Yet as the oppoſition too often act ſyſtematically againſt the miniſter, and the buſineſs of government could not be carried on without a majority in parliament, Marcellus thinks it his duty, ſometimes to give his ſuffrage in their favour; and to ſacrifice his own private opinion, when the expediency of a meaſure is only problematical; and though he is not clearly convinced that it is the beſt that could poſſibly be adopted.

When his duty to the public will permit, he gladly embraces every opportunity of retiring to his country reſidence, where, in the ſociety of his amiable and accompliſhed lady and a few friends, he enjoys all the felicity which conjugal affection, and the eaſe and familiarity of friendſhip can ſupply.

Their mornings are dedicated partly to uſeful and amuſing ſtudies, or domeſtic concerns, and partly to exerciſe and taking extenſive rides, and viſiting whatever is curious and intereſting; calling on their genteeler neighbours; or viewing the farms and cottages of the labourers, and enquiring into the ſtate and improvements in the former, or the wants of the latter. The reſt of the day is ſpent in the hoſpitable reception of thoſe, whoſe liberal education, or whoſe ſtations in life, though much inferior to their own, entitles them to ſuch a reception, which the politeneſs and condeſcenſion of this amiable couple extends to the whole neighbourhood, and which muſt reconcile the fierceſt democrat to the ariſtocracy.

As their rank and fortune give them a powerful influence over their inferiors, they uſe their power in promoting virtue and induſtry among the lower claſſes, and ſubmiſſion to legal authority; which in theſe times is doing eſſential ſervice to the public. In countenancing the ſober and induſtrious, and admoniſhing, and even rebuking the idle and extravagant; relieving indigent merit and unmerited indigence, and the like charitable offices. And in the diſcharge of theſe ſocial and moral

duties,

duties, they find ſufficient amuſement to enliven their ſummer's retreat, while the conſciouſneſs of right conduct affords them the moſt heartfelt gratification, and diffuſes a cheerfulneſs over their minds, which being free from any irregular or criminal paſſion, leave them open to the enjoyment of the beauties of nature, and the calm unſophiſticated pleaſures of the country.

In ſhort, in theſe rational and benevolent occupations, Marcellus and his lady are ſo far from finding their time a dead weight, or from ſinking into an inſipid liſtleſſneſs and becoming a prey to *ennui*, that they think their ſummer's receſs much too ſhort; and return with reluctance to the buſy ſcenes and tumultuous pleaſures, if ſuch they may be called, which the capital ſupplies to the ambitious, the licentious, or to the giddy votaries, or rather ſlaves, of faſhion.

On CONSTANCY.

CRIMINALS who are executed affect ſometimes a conſtancy, and contempt of death, which is in fact nothing more than the fear of looking on it: ſo that their conſtancy may be ſaid to be to the mind, what the fillet is to their eyes.

The conſtancy of the wife is only the art of keeping their diſquietudes to themſelves.

We all bear the misfortunes of other people with an heroic conſtancy.

Conſtancy in love is perpetual inconſtancy: it attaches us ſucceſſively to all the good qualities of the perſon beloved, giving ſometimes the preference to one, ſometimes to another: ſo that this conſtancy is no more than inconſtancy confined to one object.

In love there are two ſorts of conſtancy: one ariſes from our continually finding in the beloved object freſh motives to love; and the other proceeds from our making it a point of honour to be conſtant.

In misfortunes we often miſtake dejection for conſtancy; and we bear them, without daring to look on them; as cowards ſuffer themſelves to be killed without reſiſtance.

A REFLECTION.

NOTHING flatters our pride more than the confidence of the great, becauſe we look on it as the effect of our merit; not reflecting that it proceeds moſt frequently from their vanity, or inability to keep a ſecret; ſo that confidence is ſometimes, as it were, the relief of the mind, which wants to eaſe itſelf of an oppreſſive load.

CHARACTER *of* ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

THE pious, learned, and amiable Dr. John Tillotſon, died in 1692, moſt generally lamented. He was the firſt prelate who was elevated to the primacy after the revolution, and of courſe was expoſed to the reſentment of all thoſe perſons who were attached to the cauſe of the abdicated monarch. His conduct, however, was that of the Saviour, "when he was reviled, he reviled not again."

After his death there was found a large bundle of papers in his ſtudy, moſt of them anonymous letters that had been ſent him, full of abuſe and calumny; the only notice he had taken of them was, tying them together, and writing upon them—"Father forgive them; for they know not what they do."

His ſermons are excellent, and have been univerſally admired. King William upon his deceaſe was pleaſed to ſay, and it was a noble tribute of reſpect to his memory—"I never knew an honeſter man, and I never had a better friend!"

On the ADVANTAGES *of a* RETIRED SITUATION.

AMIDST the ſilence of retirement, man reflects on the brevity of human exiſtence, the childiſhneſs of titles, the ſillineſs of vanity, the tranſientneſs of fame, the uncertainty of the ſweeteſt of all joys, domeſtic pleaſures, and the precariouſneſs of friendſhip. He compares his own ſituation with the reſtleſs great; he finds it ſuperior, and feels ſatisfied, and contented; he cultivates his taſte for the arts with becoming ardour; he forms his mind from the beſt models; he regulates his conduct by the moſt eminent examples; in ſhort he is enamoured with virtue, and every faculty of his ſoul, and every acquiſition of his mind, is made ſubſervient to her wiſhes.

Nature to him ſhews not her charms in vain; her ſweet variety gladdens his heart, and make his eye ſparkle with unſpeakable pleaſure; with the firſt dawning of light he pours forth to the Divine Giver of Light and Life, his grateful orifons, and when the "dewy ſtar of eve" ſhines, he repeats, with thankfulneſs, his devout veſpers. On all occaſions, and in every varied ſcene of nature, or of providence, he is ſatisfied and unfeignedly thankful.

To compare with theſe phyſical, and moral advantages, what has the metropolis to offer? Can impure air, pregnant with diſeaſe, the loud noiſe of riot, the continual "hum of men"—the ſcenes of ſhameleſs debauchery, be in any degree adequate to produce health and happineſs. Neither is the ſplendour of aſſemblies equal to the mild radiance and beautiful appearance of a moon-light evening.

Anſwer, by E. Penney, Aſhburton, to G. Coulman's Charade, inſerted November 2.

FRANCE lately heard the GUN-BOAT's thunder roar,
When gallant Nelſon led them near the ſhore.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Strong, J. Squance, Jeſſe Hill, E. Moon, S. Murch, and H. Humphries, of Exeter; H. Trenchard, and J. Guppy, of Chard; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; J. Tremlett, of Newton Buſhel; R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; A. L. of Poole; G. H. near Bridport; and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton.

Anſwer, by W. England, of Uplyme, to E. Penney's Rebus, inſerted November 2.

ITS LEGATE, Sir, which you conceal'd,
And now your rebus is reveal'd.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Scholaſticus, of South Molton; W. Harris, jun. J. Hill, W. Strong, J. Squance, S. Murch, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; H. Trenchard, and J. Guppy, of Chard; J. Whittle, of Upway; W. Mann, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; and J. Tremlett, of Newton Buſhel.

A CHARADE, *by E. Moon, of Exeter.*

A Little horſe muſt firſt be told;
A male you will with care unfold:
Theſe two join'd right, you then will ſee
What gownſmen oft claim as their fee.

A CHARADE, *by A. L. of Poole.*

WITH awful and tremendous form
My firſt is often ſeen;
My ſecond you may find forlorn,
Sorrowful on the green:
Theſe two conjoin, in order true,
A goddeſs you will have in view.

A CHARADE.

MY firſt is a bird, whoſe rapt'rous lay,
Proclaims the approach of op'ning day,
And calls all nature from repoſe:
My next the farmer oft doth need,
When he mounts his ſlow-pac'd ſteed,
And to the market goes:
My whole, if you together frame,
A very curious flow'r will name.

A REBUS, *by W. Strong, of Exeter.*

OMay my firſt her bleſſings ſhower down!
A title next of him who wears the crown;
A miniſter whoſe pow'rs are great indeed;
My fourth unto his virtues gives the meed;
The value of my fifth is very great;
Whilſt my dear laſt ſupports and arms the ſtate:
Without my whole we riches can't enjoy,
And wealth and grandeur do our palates cloy.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines on the Death of Lieutenant H——, who died in the Weſt Indies of the Yellow Fever. Written on ſeeing a Monument erected to the Memory of a Gentleman who died of the ſame Fever.

NO friendly hand a monument will raiſe,
To ſpeak thy virtue, or record thy praiſe;
No martial honours decorate thy tomb;
No letter'd marble tell thy ſudden doom;
No humble ſtone to ſhew the enquiring eye
The lonely ſpot where thy cold relics lie;
But vain the attempt of ſculpture to relate
The grief of Delia for thy early fate;
The brave, the gen'rous, conſtant, friend ſincere,
Deſerves the tender tribute of a tear.
Thy worth in Delia's memory long ſhall live,
And claim that tear—while ſhe's a tear to give.

H——M——S——.

Ridgeway, near Plympton.

The HERMIT.

'TWAS in a thicket's wild retreat,
Within a lonely dell,
Retir'd from grandeur's buſy ſeat,
A hermit choſe his cell.
There, oft to watch the purling ſtream,
He ſat the live long hour,
Secure from noon tide's fervid beam,
Remote from wealth and power.

And there, ſecluded from mankind,
He paſs'd his days alone;
His were the pleaſures of the mind,
Thoſe pleaſures were his own.
Which nought on earth could e'er bereave
Him, in whoſe breaſt they dwelt;
Yet oft that breaſt a ſigh did heave,
Long grief from love he felt.

For he had lov'd a beauteous fair,
Who in her turn repaid
That love he breath'd, as pure as air,
To ſo divine a maid.
But Heaven forbad the nuptial band,
Which ſoon was to be tied,
And took her ſoul far from that land,
To be to bliſs allied.

While he, dejected, lonely left,
Her hapleſs lot to mourn,
Of bliſs, of happineſs bereft,
'Twas too much to be borne;
But time, the ſoother of each woe,
Had made his ſoul reſign'd;
He waited long his time to go,
And gave to Heav'n his mind.

On CHARITY.

WHEN wealth, unfeeling, does beſtow,
A little aid to pallid woe,
With pity-aſking eye,
Unleſs he gives, and thanks his God,
That he feels not affliction's rod,
It is not charity.

Urg'd on by pride, and love of fame,
Recorded to behold their name,
Some will their gold apply;
The widow, and her children, poor,
From want extreme they may ſecure,
But 'tis not charity.

To ſeek, unaſk'd, the ſhatter'd ſhed,
Where haggard pen'ry hides her head,
With naked progeny;
The little ones to cloath and feed,
And ſet no value on the deed,
Is perfect charity.

The cell, with active zeal, to find,
Where genius lives, ſublime of mind,
Oppreſs'd by poverty:
To ſnatch him from her graſping hand,
And bid his heart with joy expand,
Is genuine charity.

Too rigidly we muſt not ſcan
The actions of too fragile man,
Or vaſſal ſlave, or free.
Each ſect, and native of each realm,
Should be reliev'd, when woes o'erwhelm,
By tender charity.

Slander's

Slander's deep-wounding, ſcorpion tongue,
Neglect's cold look, " the oppreſſor's wrong,"
The frown of bigotry;
And e'en the threats of ſavage ire,
The baleful arts of malice dire,
Inflame not charity.

Come, heaven-deſcended maiden! meek,
My humble cottage deign to ſeek,
And ever dwell with me.
Virtue and friendſhip ſhall unite
Content to give thee, and delight;
O! come, ſweet charity!

J. S.

To a Gentleman, who compared a Lady to an Evergreen.

O! call me not an evergreen,
The very name will give the ſpleen;
Its odious ſameneſs is to me
A ſource eternal of *ennui*.
When ſummer wears her richeſt dreſs,
And triumphs in her lovelineſs,
The evergreen, in gloomy mode,
Seems for the bats a fit abode:
The darkſome bay, the doleful yew,
Bring to my mind ſad ſcenes in view;
Methinks o'er ſome ſequeſter'd grave,
I ſee their mournful branches wave,
Plac'd by the hand of wild deſpair,
To mark the much-lov'd relics there;
Like mutes in grief's unmeaſur'd train,
As ſorrow's fixtures, they remain;
No change from them can charm the eye,
No pleaſing ſweet variety;
No dazzling beauties they unfold,
Like bright Lyburnum's chain of gold,
Or fair Arcadia's bloſſom white,
Whoſe pendant taſſels court the ſight.
When ſpring, in all her new attire,
Forms daily beauties to admire;
When every buſh its fragrance throws,
From the gay May (or briar's) roſe,
The evergreen no hope can raiſe,
In nature's lap it dormant lays.

On the BLESSINGS *of* PEACE.

FOR ever humbly be ador'd
His ſacred name who ſheaths the ſword!
And bids the olive branch divine
Around the ſheaves of plenty twine!
Whilſt virtue, peace, and fair renown,
Adorn our gracious monarch's crown!
No more the laurel wreath appears
Bath'd in a nation's flowing tears;
But gentle hope, with ſoothing power,
Anticipates the future hour.
When O! the veteran ſoldier true,
Who ne'er the hour of danger knew,
Or quak'd to hear the cannon's roar,
Shall, landed on his native ſhore,
Partake the ſocial, dear repaſt,
And drop a tender tear at laſt!

Come, charity! thou child of love;
Come from thy radiant ſeat above;
With gratitude divinely bright,
And gen'rous loyalty unite:
So ſhall our fervent homage riſe,
An incenſe worthy, to the ſkies.

Cherſey.

HOPE.—*An* ODE.

WHEN ſtranded on ſome deſert coaſt,
Where hungry tygers roar,
The ſailor hopes, tho' all is loſt,
To reach his native ſhore.

The captive in ſome priſon drear,
Oppreſs'd with grief and pain;
Still fondly hopes the coming year,
His freedom to regain.

The lover, wretched and forlorn,
Who now dejected roves;
Yet hopes on ſome auſpicious morn,
To gain the maid he loves.

Thus hope, thro' life, enchanting pow'r!
Enlivens ev'ry breaſt;
And e'en in death's terrific hour,
Beguiles the ſoul to reſt.

LLEWELLEN.

Elegy, ſuppoſed to have been written on the burying Vault of an ancient Family.

SIGH not, ye winds, as paſſing o'er
The chambers of the dead ye fly!
Weep not, ye dews, for theſe no more
Shall ever weep, ſhall ever ſigh!
Why mourn? the throbbing heart's at reſt;
How ſtill it lies within the breaſt!
Why mourn? ſince death preſents us peace,
And in the grave our ſorrows ceaſe.
The ſhatter'd bark, from adverſe winds,
Reſt in this peaceful haven finds,
And when the ſtorms of life are paſt,
Hope drops her anchor here at laſt.